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CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

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The cathedral of Chartres, on account of its early date, its peculiar architecture, and its entire magnificence, has been pronounced the most interesting specimen of the pointed style in France, or perhaps in the world. It is one of the noblest monuments of the devotion and taste of the middle ages, a period in which this style of architecture rose to its highest point of excellence in Germany, France, and England. Its perfect state is remarkable; seeing that it has not only withstood the storms of eight hundred years, but the revolutionary ravages of the latter part of the last century. These were, indeed, perilous times for the things that were: when the laws of God and man were set at nought, how could we expect that human ingenuity would be spared! Yet, so it happened in the case of the cathedral of Chartres, which, happily, the hand of the spoiler has left untouched. Meanwhile, Time has dealt mildly with this beautiful structure: he has mantled it with hoar antiquity, and heightened but mellowed its beauty: his films encumber not the airy lightness of its spires, nor dim the gemmy brightness of its richly-dight windows; the matin and vesper lights have gleamed and faded through them for ages, and its altar steps have been rounded by the knees of millions—yet the solid masonry and the airy sculpture of this superb edifice, remain to the present day.

Chartres, one of the most ancient cities of France, was formerly the capital of the province of Beauce, a district so celebrated for its fertility in corn as to have obtained the title of the granary of France. It is situated on the river Eure, about 50 miles from Paris, and 38 from Orleans. It is the see of a bishop, and contains, besides the cathedral, eight churches.

It is stated, on the authority of ancient manuscripts, that Saint Aventine, the first bishop of the diocese, founded a church at Chartres about the end of the third century after Christ. This church was fired by the Normans about the year 858; was again set on fire about the year 973: and a third conflagration, supposed to have been occasioned by lightning, in 1020, destroyed nearly the whole city, as well as the cathedral. Bishop Fulbert expended great sums in rebuilding the cathedral; toward which not only the king of France, but those of England and Denmark, are said to have contributed. The citizens of Chartres furnished, according to their means, either materials or labour, or brought provisions for the workmen; so that, at the time of Bishop Fulbert's death, in 1209, the present edifice appears to have been considerably advanced. Fulbert's successor, Thierry, continued the work till his death, in 1048. Many persons likewise came from Rouen and other parts of Normandy to Chartres, to assist in rebuilding the cathedral; so that, by the year 1060, the church was very nearly completed. Matilda, queen of William the Conqueror, who died in 1083, covered the main body of the edifice with lead, including the choir, the transept, and part of the nave.

The western front, with its large porch and two towers, was not finished till the year 1145. It had been originally designed to erect two stone spires of equal height, and corresponding with each other, on these towers; but the southern tower only was completed.

In the year 1395, the point of this spire was demolished about twenty feet, but was reconstructed and strengthened with bands of iron; from which time it lasted till 1754, when it was thoroughly repaired.

The northern spire was built with stone in the same style, only to a certain height, having the appearance of a square tower, on which was erected a spire of wood, covered with lead: this having been destroyed by lightning, July 26, 1506, it was rebuilt with stone in the beautiful manner in which it now appears. Towards the cost, Louis XII. granted two thousand livres. The architect was Jean Texier, a native of Beauce: it was commenced in the year 1507, and finished in 1514. The whole height of the tower and spire is 403 English feet, being one foot less than the height of the spire of Salisbury Cathedral. Yet, the Chartres spire does not appear by many feet so high as the Salisbury spire, the roof of the former being the highest by 50 feet, which added to the mass of the building, and taken from the spire, greatly diminishes its apparent elevation. Viewed from the environs of the city, the height is seen to advantage; the impression is not that of a very high steeple, but of a very lofty church; an effect greatly enhanced by its fine situation on the summit of a hill, with the city collected at its foot.

The western towers of the church, of equal dimensions, are about 50 feet square at the base, and are carried to the height of four stories, more than 200 feet, whence rise the spires.

The spire on the northern tower is composed, towards its base, of several stories; the first, at the height of the roof, is the *chambre de la sonnerie*, on the wall of which are inscribed some verses in French, the spire being supposed to speak. In the next story of the spire were formerly suspended five bells, four of which were broken and melted at the Revolution. In 1816, two new bells were cast, and named by Monsieur the Count D'Artois, and by Madame the Duchess D'Angoulême, who attended the ceremony by proxy. This division of the spire is surmounted by an open gallery, having four large and elegant pinnacle tur-

rets at the angles of the tower, whence spring flying buttresses, which are richly pierced, and give support to the great shaft. In each of the four turrets are grouped three statues of Apostles, with their attributes. Each front of this part of the spire contains a large window, surmounted by an open-work gable. On one is a large statue, representing God the Father holding a book; round the pedestal on which the statue is placed, is an inscription in black letter:

"Jehan de Beauce qui a faict ce clocher, m'a faict faire, 1513."

Thence upwards the spire abounds with light and graceful work; the ornaments are executed with the greatest delicacy and in bold relief, stems of vines and bunches of grapes hanging from the mouldings merely by the extremities of the leaves; all the veins and ribs are shown as if they were to be seen at hand, instead of at an elevation of 300 feet: and even parts which cannot be seen at all from below are finished with the same exquisiteness. A staircase of ascent to this spire forms a little tower also of open work, independent of that which supports the spire. This staircase leads to a chamber occupied by two men, who here keep watch day and night, and give notice of any fire in the city; first, by a speaking-trumpet, declaring the particular quarter whence the danger proceeds; and then by sounding an alarm-bell.

The uppermost story or division of this spire is an octagonal lantern, in which is hung the bell of the clock, marked with a salamander, the well-known badge of Francis I., in whose reign the bell was cast. Each of the eight sides of the spire is here pierced with two windows, from which is a beautiful view over the fertile country of Beauce. Above this lantern story rises a high stone shaft, with rib mouldings and crockets, and the whole is surmounted by an iron cross eight feet high, which is set in a vase more than four feet high, ornamented with entwined serpents. Such is the magnificence of the northern spire, the architect of which has united in it elegance of form, exquisiteness of detail, and lasting solidity.

The southern spire opposite is much plainer and more solid, seeming to be part of the original edifice. Its height is 365 feet, and, in appearance, it is more like that of Norwich Cathedral than any other English spire;* but the resemblance is not at all continued in the tower that supports it. There are several pinnacles rising above the base of the spire, and the whole composition is more Gothic than that at Norwich.

On November 15, 1674, this spire was set on fire by the carelessness of one of the men who kept watch in a small chamber near the top; in the wall of which is a stone recording the accident. On October 12, 1691, during a storm, about twelve feet of the spire below the cross was shaken from its position, but not thrown down, in consequence of the iron cramps which held it together. This accident was attributed to the great weight of a copper gilt sun, which had been placed above the cross on the spire about ten years previously. The point of the spire was restored in 1692, by Claude Auge, a sculptor of Lyons, who is said to have raised it four feet higher than it was before. It is very finely proportioned, and terminates in a cross grafted in a globe, surmounted by a crescent of copper gilt. Towards the base of the spire are several openings on each side, which are surmounted by gables and ornamented with pinnacles. In this tower were formerly three large bells, which were broken and melted in the year 1792. On an angle of one of the buttresses is a sun-dial, bearing date 1578; on another buttress is represented the figure of an ass playing on a harp, an absurdity of the feast of fools;† and on a third buttress is a sow spinning with a distaff.

Thus far the western towers and their spires, which are the noblest characteristics of the cathedral. The remainder of the western front remains to be noticed. Between the basement of the inner buttresses of the towers is a platform ascended by six steps, upon which is a triple porch, ornamented with statues and pillars like those of the churches of Rheims‡ and Amiens,§ but not so profusely. The central doorway is called the *Porte Royale*, the kings of France having been usually received at this entrance; its receding arch in the pointed style, more elevated than the arches of the side portals, is enriched with very curious specimens of early sculpture: as a figure of Christ, symbols of the Evangelists, bas-reliefs of the prophets, and the elders of the Apocalypse. The vaulting of the arch is decorated with figures of angels holding astrolabes in their hands. The two sides of this doorway are also enriched with six large statues of kings and queens, and canonized worthies; the sovereigns holding in their hands charters of privileges, or grants of land, to show that they were benefactors to the structure. The southern doorway is similarly enriched with incidents in the life of the Virgin Mary, and statues of kings and queens. The third doorway, on the north, has a representation of Christ, a scene from the Apocalypse, &c.: the vaulting is enriched with sculptured gro-

* Woods's Letters of an Architect, vol. i., p. 49. The spire of Norwich Cathedral is 317 feet in height. The above comparison may be made by turning to the Mirror, vol. xxiii., p. 200, where Norwich Cathedral is engraved and described.

† See Feast of Fools, Mirror, vol. xxiii., p. 35.

‡ See Mirror, vol. v., p. 369.

§ See Mirror, vol. xxiv., p. 161.

tesque personages, the signs of the zodiac, and the agricultural labours of the twelve months; and the sides, like those of the two other doorways, have statues of kings and queens. The latter figures exhibit interesting specimens of the costume of the eleventh century, and the pillars which separate the statues are highly enriched with interlaced work.

Over this porch are three large windows, the central one being the highest. Above them is a very large rose window, remarkable for the arrangement of its massive mullions and mouldings. This window is surmounted by a gallery of communication between the towers; and over this gallery are sixteen niches filled with statues of kings and queens. Above these rises the gable of the roof, with a bas-relief, representing the apotheosis of the Virgin Mary amidst angels bearing censers; and on the apex of the gable is a statue intended for Saint Aventin, the first bishop of Chartres.

The southern front of the cathedral is very imposing and picturesque, from the position of the buttresses, and the bold projection of the transept, with its superb porch. The buttresses, six in number, have statues placed in niches. The porch is ascended by a flight of seventeen steps, and consists of three large pointed arches, above which are gables; the piers of support being surmounted by niches filled with regal statues, and terminated with pinnacles. All the enrichments of this unique porch were originally painted and gilded, as is proved by a few fragments of this decoration. Above the porch is a series of five windows, and over them is a large rose window, similar to that in the western front. The angles of the gable are flanked by octangular turrets, crowned with pinnacles, and the gable is enriched with sculpture, representing the Virgin Mary triumphant, receiving the homage of angels: there are also large unfinished buttresses on this front.

The northern front much resembles that on the south. It has a triple porch on a platform of steps; a series of windows; a rose window above; and its ornamented gable, represents the apotheosis of the Virgin Mary.

Most of the statues with which the northern and southern porches are enriched, are executed in a better style than those of the triple porch of the western front.

The eastern end of the cathedral is of septangular form, with windows in each side; and it has several flying buttresses.

The lead covering of the roof of the cathedral was stripped off by the Revolutionists in 1794; it remained thus exposed until the year 1797, when the citizens of Chartres, at their own expense, newly leaded it; and, in 1824, the whole church was repaired at the expense of the nation.

The roof of the cathedral is considered by French architects to be a fine specimen of the carpentry of the middle ages. The framework contains so much timber that it is commonly called "the forest." The roof is in perpendicular height from the spring of the vault to the ridge about 46 feet English. Its construction is as follows: each pair of principals is composed of a tie-beam, a king-post, two rafters, and two saltiers, or St. Andrew's crosses, which connect the principals. Mr. Woods considers this construction anything but good.* There were formerly two bell-turrets which rose above the roof: one contained a wooden instrument called a *grue*, which served to assemble the people in the church during Passion Week, when bells were not rung; the other turret contained six small bells, called *commandes*, which were used during divine service to order the ringers to put in motion the great bells in the towers of the western front. Above the point of the east end of the roof is a colossal angel, of lead gilt, which turns upon a pivot as a weather-vane. The whole of the roof may be traversed by a gallery, protected by a stone open-work parapet.

The interior of the cathedral is of grand and well-proportioned dimensions: its length is 418 feet, and from 110 to 115 feet wide: the height is about 114 feet.

The piers of the nave are composed alternately of octagonal pillars, with four circular shafts, and of cylindrical pillars, with as many octagonal shafts. Nearly all the arches in the church and the vaulting are pointed. The windows are very rich in painted glass, which is said to be half an inch thick, but is not much thicker than some of the old glass in York cathedral. "With good proportions, beautiful parts, and finely coloured windows," says Woods, "the impression produced by a view of the interior is sublime." The subjects on the different windows have been minutely described by M. Herisson, the librarian of Chartres, in a Description of the Cathedral, published in 1824.

The choir is the only portion of the edifice which has been injured by modern alteration. The ancient choir-screen, with its rood-loft, was demolished in 1772, and the present one of stone erected. It is highly enriched with sculptured ornaments of bronze gilt. In the sanctuary, or chancel, is the high altar, of blue Turquin marble, enriched with bronze gilt; and behind it is a very fine piece of sculpture of Carrara marble. The sanctuary is paved with many coloured marbles, disposed in a mosaic pattern.

But, the gem of the cathedral is the screen of inclosure round the choir, a succession of beautiful shrinework, with sculptures of the

* Letters of an Architect, vol. i., p. 52.

principal historical events in the life of Jesus Christ. It is of very white stone, and was commenced in 1514, by Jean Texier, the architect who built the celebrated spire. Mr. Woods says: "To see this screen alone is well worth a journey to Chartres: it is very curious, both for the extreme delicacy of the workmanship, and as a model of the last period of Gothic architecture in France. The execution is complete point-lace in stone, and some of the sculptured threads are not thicker than the blade of a penknife." As a whole, however, Mr. Woods considers the design to want simplicity.

The cathedral is dedicated to Nôtre Dame: it formerly had thirty-eight chantries and chapels, which number has been reduced to eight. There is likewise at the eastern end of the church another chapel, two stories in height, and flanked with towers on the exterior. Near this chapel was formerly a corridor, leading from the church to the palace of the bishop of Chartres, on the acclivity of the hill, with the river Eure flowing at its base. In the palace gardens too, was another chapel, with a cemetery for the burial of the priests and officers of the chapter of the cathedral.

Beneath the cathedral is a crypt, or underground church, of architecture coeval with the upper edifice; though a much earlier date is commonly assigned to it.

It is worthy of remark, that there are no monuments, inscriptions, or cenotaphs, in memory of deceased persons, in Chartres cathedral. The chapter have, from time immemorial, interdicted sepulture within the walls of the church, or even in the crypt beneath it; and in so doing, they have shown good sense, which it might be well to imitate in our times.

About six weeks since, on May 28, this magnificent cathedral was threatened with destruction by fire, said to have originated in the negligence of two plumbers employed in some repairs. The flames were discovered at about half-past six o'clock on Saturday evening, in the timber-walk at the junction of one of the arms of the cross formed by the sides of the nave. The greater part of the fine roof and the woodwork of the superb spire appear to have been destroyed, but the windows are uninjured; and by three o'clock on Sunday morning, the fire had nearly ceased.

The prefixed Engraving is from a splendid drawing by the late Mr. Charles Wild, one of the finest architectural draughtsmen of his day. Many of the descriptive details have been condensed from a work in course of publication, which it would give us pleasure to introduce to our readers, independently of our present obligation to its pages. This is Mr. Winkles's *Illustrations* of Chartres Cathedral, forming the 5th and 6th Nos. of his series of *Continental Cathedrals*; the engravings by Mr. Winkles, from sketches by Mr. Garland, architect; and the letter-press by Mr. Thomas Moule, an antiquarian writer of established merit. Each Number contains four prints, and two sheets of letter-press: the former are clever and effective; and the descriptions are minutely drawn up, but in popular style for the general reader. The work is published at so cheap a rate that it has only to be seen to be purchased by any one who has a taste for antiquities and the fine arts, which it is well calculated to foster and improve.

We hope ere long to see such works as Mr. Winkles's in the "family library" of every four or six-roomed house: for familiarity with the monuments of the piety and genius of past ages must lead eventually to the amelioration of our own: let us remember too, the Italian synonym of the virtuoso and the happy man.

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LLANGOLLEN VALE.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers:
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds sometimes our woods may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Heart-sick and weary, I have sigh'd,
Sweet mountain-vale, to rest in thee;
To dwell some clustering wood beside,
Far from the world's cold treachery!
To hear the lark's wild melody,
Among the gleamy clouds of morn;
And nature's own sweet harmony,
On every wandering zephyr borne!

A rippling stream should murmur near,
With reeds and water-lilies bound,
Wild roses scent the desert air,
And violets there be found.
And never should a jarring sound,
Wake lonely echo from her cell,
As softly came the seasons round,
Within that peaceful dell.

The earliest footsteps of the spring,
In that sequestered vale should be;
There summer all her sunshine bring,
And autumn all her witchery!
When winter thro' the withered tree,
Blew coldly round my cottage wall,
How calm the evening hour should be,
How bright the blazing light should fall!

No hollow smile should there intrude,
No worldling's sneer my heart to grieve,
But in that blessed solitude,
Friendship her charmed net should weave;
And sympathetic hearts should leave
The world to those who love it best,
Nor let its frown their souls bereave
Of calm reflection's hallowed rest.

It may not be, life's dusty road,
Of toil and care, we journey o'er,
And bear the pilgrim's weary load,
Along time's rough and winding shore;
Soon may we hear the billows roar,
And see the bounding waves arise,
Pass the dread gulf, and evermore,
Join the bright dwellers of the skies!

Anne R.

TO MY SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

Companions lost, and lov'd, of the days of other years,
I think on ye for ever, and I think on ye with tears.
For my heart is sometimes breaking, with the wish, so wild and vain,
To hear of all your varied fates, and see ye, once again!
Your sunny eyes, your glancing feet, your forms and faces fair,
With the clustering and waving of your jet and amber hair,
Are visions, that by night and day, my yearning spirit haunt,
Like angels, gleaming in, between world-demons grim and gaunt.
I hear your sweet young voices, as in those jocund times,
When we laugh'd out vacant hours, and our songs were like the chimes
Of bells, tun'd to each other; Oh! the wild birds, glad and free,
Were ne'er so mirthful, captives, nor so musical as we!
But gladness is not always, and childhood hath its cares,
Since, where the good man soweth wheat, the enemy sows tares;
And needful tasks and penances were ours as well as play,
Yet, ah! we were companions in the burthens of that day!
Now, lonely in this world, on a weary quest I go
Of hearts, to sympathize in the weal it grants or woes,
And, what's worth ev'ry prize that in the school of life I gain
If none be nigh exulting, that my strivings are not vain!
And ye companions so belov'd! and ye companions lost!
How wears existence on with ye, and what hath been its cost?
I call;—ye cannot answer me;—and thus, constrain'd am I
Unto myself, response to make, and guess at your reply:
O! friends of childhood's blessed years, could I but see ye now,
What shadows of maternal care would darken many a brow;
Scarce should I know the beautiful and gleesome in their blight,
Whose sunny morn of life hath been surprised by deep'ning night,
And less, less, should I recognise ye, tender, yielding flowers,
Who've been so sorely stricken down by wintry winds and showers,
Whose roseate youth hath pal'd, from a heart scar'd utterly
By fev'rish, hopeless passion, which corrodes, but cannot die.
Yet, some of ye, my school-mates, are happy, gay, and glad,
The paths ye tread are thornless, or your bosoms can't be sad;
And some, alike to joy and grief are torpid, as alone,
Ye lie beneath the greensward, or the grey niche's pale flagstone.
O! unforgotten of the years long past, where'er ye be,
I marvel if your memories are haunted thus by me?
And I marvel, if the faint tones, which afar my lone harp flings
Ye know to be your early friend's, and bless her as she sings?

M. L. B.

The Novelist.

THE LONELY MAN.

By M. L. B.

"It is not that my lot is low,
Which bids this silent tear to flow;
It is not grief which makes me moan,
It is,—that I am all alone."—*H. K. White.*

So thought, so felt, if not in our British poetic numbers, the unhappy Luigi di Santana, a Spaniard of noble birth, sweet disposition, and exemplary principles. The bloom of youth had not failed from his cheek, nor its strength forsaken his limbs, when he entered the monastery of St. Colombo, alike remarkable for its gloom and the austerities it enjoined. Luigi, in form and feature, seemed intended by nature to captivate; but when he entered the monastery, a deep and settled melancholy clouded his brow, and whilst all marvelled that a young man possessing more than ordinary gifts and graces, should choose to bury them in the conventual life and habit, all concluded that some dark sin, or surpassing sorrow, had driven him to the step. His conduct was extra-devotional, which, however, proved little in his favour; but not one hint of his private history could the brethren obtain; and one day, Luigi disappeared from his chosen sanctum, to which he never returned, leaving behind him, for the gratification of their curiosity, a MS.—that was all.

During the Spanish war of two centuries ago, when many monasteries were plundered and sacked, a manuscript written in the purest Castilian, fell into the hands of a British officer, serving under the celebrated Peterborough, which details the story of Luigi, and which, preserved by the descendants of General —— with jealous care, we have obtained leave to translate and publish. It is addressed to the then superior of St. Colombo, Prior José Mendizabal, and, after a complimentary preamble, runs thus:—

"Few have been so favoured by nature as myself, and few have been so exquisitely miserable; but let them who shall read the words 'of the man, whose eyes the Lord hath opened,' learn wisdom, if they incline to my folly. Young, handsome, beloved, and richly endowed was I; but earthly blessings are pronounced by one who tasted superhumanly of all, to be only 'vanity and vexation of spirit,' and so I found them: moreover, the greater the enjoyment, the more keenly is a deprivation of it felt. I had a fond mother, she died; a father, and he died also; and when, as his heir, I succeeded to his title, (no matter what that is,) and estates, men smiled upon me, and said I must be happy; and I smiled upon them, because I thought so too. I loved fervently and deeply;—could so sensitive a spirit as mine fail to love? As fervently and deeply was my passion return-

ed; for, I say it without vanity, who could resist loving me? I married Isadora the idol of my soul; we retired, to enjoy domestic happiness, to our country possessions; but my wife—alas!—all died; wife, child, sister, brother—all—all; till I was left, a blighted thing, alone.—Alone too, in the worst species of loneliness and desolation—that sick solitude of heart which makes one loathe the thought of any society but that of those who are gone, and never to be recalled; and which makes one feel as if God-smitten and God-forsaken! Ay, there it is; words are feeble to express the state of that man, who sees, instead of the hand of a merciful Father in his afflictions, the rod of an angry Deity—who feels himself left destitute by his Creator, but with life, that life itself may prove a curse, yet who dares not die; and who believes, that the 'Hearer and Answerer of Prayer' turns a deaf ear to his supplications, and will not regard his humiliation; this is the acme of human anguish, and this I felt after the loss of all I held dear, for ever and ever, even till I became frenzied and desperate! Ah! language hath no power to express what it is to be alone in this world, without a hope, without a God, and looking for certain destruction in another! Madness—this might be; I cannot be sure that a rapid succession of misfortunes did not shake my reason; but, if so, I, at least, endeavoured at that dreadful period, by a strict discharge of all the moral and religious duties enjoined by Holy Mother Church, to appease and disarm Him who appeared to me an implacable Divinity, bent on persecuting me to death. I read the Holy Scriptures, but found their consolations a sealed fountain; and being almost sure to open them at some terrible, prophetic denunciation, I at last began to conceive all the curses of the Law and the Prophets levelled at my devoted head. Oftimes I prayed, with breaking heart and streaming eyes, to all the host of Heaven for aid; I 'gave alms of all I possessed,' and I tormented my flesh with fastings, stripes, and sackcloth. Finally, Reverend Father, I entered, as thou knowest, this monastery, trusting that a life of penance and mortification, though it could not avail to bring back the dead, might eventually restore my ruined happiness and peace. My life, during my residence here, I have striven to make 'holy, harmless, blameless;' but here, within these sacred walls, and in the midst of a society, certainly silent, peaceful and virtuous, have I found my malady of utter desolation come upon me with tenfold power.

"It is now some weeks since, when, one morning, my trance of wretchedness was disturbed by the entrance of a stranger into my cell—a man of venerable and imposing appearance: ere I could inquire who he was, and what he wanted with me, he exclaimed: —'How is this, Luigi di Santana? Why do I find you thus? Is there no God in heaven, that thou shouldst be so utterly sunk in the worst despair of earth?'

"'Father!' said I, 'comfort and instruct me, if thou canst; but too long have I had occasion to believe, that neither earth nor heaven contains consolation for this miserable heart:' bitter tears rose to my eyes as I spoke.

"'Why,' rejoined the venerable man, 'do you not solace yourself in the bosom of your family?'—'Alas! alas!' I cried in a tone of anguish, 'there you probe my incurable wound; a family I once had, but every creature of it is departed, and I am alone.'

"'True; but comfort may still be found in the society of your fellow men.'

"'Father, I have now no connexion with the outer world; in disgust I have abandoned it for these quiet walls.'

"'And here?' he asked; when I supplied the hiatus—'And here I am more utterly wretched and alone, than I was ever in the most heartless worldly society. There, though it might have been feigned, I at least heard the voice of sympathy and feeling; but here, these monks wander about like living sculptures, in silence; and their hearts, I believe, are stone.'—'Be not bitter against thy brethren, Luigi; but tell me, why didst thou enter a place so unfit as this, for one in thy state of mind?'

"'Good father,' I replied, 'be not hard upon me; I had sought comfort elsewhere, but finding none, came hither: now would that I were a thousand leagues from this detested prison, where the loneliness I feel, sits heavily as the ponderous *smarra** upon my bosom.'

"My visiter smiled: 'It is strange,' said he, 'this fancy that you are alone; believe me, if you tried to be so, you could not; but the imperfection of your mortal senses hinders you from perceiving the myriads of animated beings by whom you are surrounded. Now, Luigi, in pity to thy sorrows, and in answer to those sincere supplications, which, though principally addressed to idols who could not assist thee, were mercifully accepted, because thou didst it ignorantly, by Him, the only succour in the day of trouble, —in answer, I say, to these supplications, I am commissioned to show thee, if thou canst endure to gaze upon marvellous things, how little thou art alone. Take this glass; look through it at thy casement, and tell me what thou dost behold.'

"The windows of my cell command, Reverend Father, as thou knowest, a view of the beautiful but lonely monastery garden, surrounded and engirt as it is by mountains;

* The nightmare.

XUM

the brethren, at that hour, were, like myself, in their respective apartments, employed in study or devotion; so that, to my unassisted eye, the ground seemed to lie in the still, sultry sunlight, a perfect, untrodden solitude, over which flitted not even the wing of a lonely bird. Great then was my astonishment, so great that, starting back with a cry, I nearly let the glass slip from my fingers, at beholding men and women of angelic aspect, wandering about the secluded spot, reclining under the shade of its trees, and conversing pleasantly among themselves. Great was my astonishment at beholding similar apparitions floating in air, up as far as I could distinguish anything, in the blue empyreum; and their eyes looked to the earth, as if watching the ways, walks, and very thoughts of man. Great also was my terror, to perceive that every leaf, every blade of grass, every slim stalk of herb and flower, every grain of dust, and every drop of water, had its appointed inhabitants of them that flew and them that crawled. Some of these creatures were, to my human apprehension, hideous and terrific; others, exquisite in form and colour: but, abstractedly considered, are any of the works of God not beautiful—very beautiful? The human apparitions continually passed and repassed my window, gazing upon me, some with sorrowing and pitying eyes, others with smiling and joyous aspects; but all were lovely: perfect peace and ineffable blessedness impressed their countenances; and as entranced I gazed upon them, calm confidence, felicity unutterable and not of this world, pervaded my breast. I was happy once again!

"'Santana!' said my visiter; 'and are you so much alone on this fair earth, as you have imagined yourself to be? Know, what you now behold is nothing new; were your mortal eyes sufficiently strengthened and sharpened, you would always see around you the immortals who visit this world, one of the provinces only of the King of the Universe, and mingle with man, for various purposes; the bodiless, with them that be still in the flesh; the spirits now, with the spirits that shall be; and when you depart from earth, you will know further and better that it is so—that you never were here alone, and that you never could be. These, and similar to them, are your companions every day, every hour, and every moment; and fear not the innumerable living creatures which my celestial glass discloses to your view, for they are innocent, and but the same amidst which you ever walk unharmed, without perceiving them.'—'Sire!' I began—'Angel! Saint!'—'You have not yet,' said he, 'looked through my glass at me.'

"I did so, and saw him as an angel indeed; but beside him, smiling ineffably, stood my own, my lost, my loved, and lamented Isadora! The rapture of that moment—the rapture of those few, fleeting minutes, in which I again beheld and conversed with the idolized departed, words are incapable of expressing; also the ecstasy with which I heard from her own blessed lips, that, though unseen, she was ever near me, and that I might not deem myself alone. 'Besides,' added she, 'the Most Merciful is ever near you, my Luigi, though the glass of holy Abiram cannot show you Him; and if afflictions, veiling a blessing, are sent unto you, severe as they may be, you are not to consider them a curse, or yourself abandoned by that Divine Being, who never forsakes His creatures, until they have so totally left and forgotten Him, that even His long-suffering and patient kindness are worn out at last.' Abiram then bade me restore his glass, the limited period of his visit being concluded; I did so, and lost the blessed vision of my Isadora, though I still fancied that I could feel her presence.

"'This life, this total seclusion from the world,' said Abiram, 'does not suit you, Santana, and though well intended, is not pleasing to Him, who, in granting you favours of fortune, and advantages of rank and connexions, above your fellows, never designed you to render them of no avail, by burying yourself alive in a monastery. No! you must shake off your melancholy illusions, again go forth into the world, fight the good fight manfully, and run the race that is set before you, knowing by 'how great a cloud of witnesses you are encompassed,' and the high prize for which you contend. Lassitude, morbid melancholy, inaction, and flight from the duties and laudable pursuits of social life, to which you, blessed in a superior manner, are above all men imperatively called, will never win that esteem of Heaven, for which you are so justly anxious. Wherefore, Santana, my brother, awake, arise, gird up thy soul and body for action; go forth from hence and quit thee like a man. Behold! thou art neither unconsidered nor alone.'

"Then said I, 'But how, thou heavenly friend, am I to quit this monastery?'—Abiram answered, 'Brother, leave that to me; at no distant day I will come again, and take thee from it. Only write now the vision, confide it to thy superior, and prepare thee for my promised visit.'

"So saying, the stranger opened the door of my cell, and departed; wherefore, Reverend Father, in full confidence that he will make good his word, I have hastened to fulfil his behest."

Such is the narrative of the Lonely Man, as written by himself. Beneath his autography appears in different hands, the following notations, apparently of different dates:

"The renegade monk, for his hypocrisies

(Carisbrook Castle, Isle of Wight.)

and heresies, was spirited away from our holy house by the foul fiend in person."

"The very Christian Don Luigi di Santana, after a life of exemplary and active virtue and beneficence, died in his bed, at Madrid, having reached an advanced age: his end was peace; his works do follow him; his memory is blessed, and his reward is everlasting!"

Popular Antiquities.

CARISBROOK CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Few places possess greater charms for the antiquary or the lover of nature than the Castle of Carisbrook and the neighbourhood in which it is situated. To the latter, the outline of hill and undulation of valley, the distant prospect of the sea, and the peaceful serenity which pervades the valley beneath, are objects of delight and admiration. But we address ourselves more particularly to those who love to meditate among the relics of hoar antiquity, and whose fertile imaginations can repeople the deserted camp or ruined fortress with the forms of those who have long since ceased to inhabit or defend them.

That the place now under consideration was originally a British camp, may be inferred from the shape of the hill, which is extremely favourable to such fortifications as the Britons were in the habit of erecting; and there can be little doubt that Vespasian, (who, according to Suetonius, in the time of the emperor Claudius, fought thirty times with the British enemy, and reduced upwards of twenty towns, two powerful nations, and the Isle of Wight under the Roman power,) found on his arrival here, a fortress, which he immediately garrisoned. This supposition is strengthened by Grose, who tells us, that "a castle or fort was built here by the Britons, and repaired by the Romans, when the island was subdued by Vespasian, A. D. 45. History, however, is silent respecting the Roman transactions at Carisbrook; nor do we find any authentic mention of [the place until 530, when Cerdic, king of the West Saxons, having destroyed the aborigines of the island, gave this fortress to his nephew Whitgar; from whom may be derived its present appellation; Whitgara-burg, or Whitgar, his burgh being purely Saxon, and but little altered in the lapse of so many ages from its original sound; though some prefer a derivation from the Celtic *Caer-broc*, which signifies the town of yew-trees.

In treating of the venerable ruins before us, we request thee, reader, to imagine that we have perambulated together the outer walls of the Castle, which form an irregular pentagon, are faced with stone, and defended by five bastions, having a break in the centre of the north side, evidently intended, from its lateral embrasures, for a flank. These fortifications were the work of Elizabeth, who, at the instigation of Sir Geo. Carey, gave 4,000*l.* towards the repair of the fortress, when the Spanish Armada was expected; nor was she the only contributor, as the gentlemen of the island raised 400*l.* for the same purpose, and the commonalty cheerfully

L.N. 1-600.

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dug the outer ditch gratuitously.* Camden, (edit. 1594,) tells us that the Castle had been lately restored in a magnificent manner by the Captain of the island—"nuper Capitanei operâ magnificè instauratum."

The western entrance to the castle is under an ivy-mantled gateway, over which are the initials of Queen Elizabeth, with the date of its erection, 1598; immediately within which is the beautifully machicolated gate, flanked by two round towers, and affording a fine specimen of military architecture in the time of Edward IV. It was built by the unfortunate Lord Woodville, who suffered at Pontefract in 1483: his arms, a shield, argent, with a fess and canton, gules, having roses on each side, are still to be descried upon it. Beneath, on each side of this entrance, are two small passages leading to the interior of the flanking round towers, which have often re-echoed the footsteps of the warder, and been illumined by the passing gleam of his armour. The ancient wooden door is formed of very strong lattice work, with a piece of iron kept down by a large nail at each crossing, and still opposes the entrance of any unwelcome intruder to the castle-yard, which is at present only accessible by a small wicket, coeval with the gate. The chapel on the right hand is dedicated to St. Nicholas, but possesses neither beauty nor antiquity to arrest attention. It was rebuilt in 1738, and stands within the limits of the ancient fortification, which formed a right-angled parallelogram, and occupied about an acre and a half, having its greatest length from east to west. Its angles are rounded, and it is probable they were rebuilt by Elizabeth, as the date 1601 appears on the south-east angle, at which are the remains of a tower called Mountjoy's tower, the walls whereof are immensely thick; the ascent to the top is by several steps. This tower is of great antiquity, and probably coeval with the keep, which stands on the north-eastern angle, directly behind the domestic buildings, and commands the attention of every antiquary who visits it, possessing, as it does, indubitable characteristics of Norman or even earlier work. A lofty mound of earth has been thrown up, on the summit of which stands the donjon or keep. The entrance to it is by an exceedingly steep flight of eighty-one steps, agreeably to the practice of those ages, whereby an assailing force might easily be precipitated; seventy-two of these are external, the remainder leading through a small, square portal into the interior of the keep. This portion of the castle is venerable in the extreme; and an antiquary would possibly lose little reputation in asserting it to be of Saxon workmanship; for the walls are not only rude in construction, but irregular in their *polygonal* form, and bear no similitude whatever to that massive and imposing style which the Normans introduced, both in the castles which they built anew, as well as in those of their vanquished enemy which they thought proper to adopt.

This hypothesis is strengthened by Grose, who informs us, that the building of Whitgar again falling into decay, was a *second* time rebuilt in the reign of Henry I., by Richard de Rivers, Earl of Devonshire, whose son Baldwin, a partisan of the Empress Maud, having been obliged to evacuate Exeter, endeavoured to defend this castle against Stephen in 1136; but unsuccessfully, as the king took it on the first assault. It was again besieged in 1377, by the French, who were driven off by Sir Hugh Tyrrel, a knight of Essex.

Within the keep is an ancient well, said to have been 300 feet deep, but now filled up; there are also the remains of cells within the solid walls, and the original stone socket in which the flagstaff was placed; the present flag flying over the entrance portal, which is, evidently, a modern addition to the rest of the building.

Lest, however, the reader's patience should become exhausted, we will leave this venerable pile, in whose steep entrance no knight is seen, nor bugle-horn is blown; we will leave its antique mound and crumbling walls "doddered o'er" with age, and half obscured by the thick foliage which springs up around it; and as we retrace our steps, visit the outhouse, wherein is the celebrated well attributed to the Romans, which is six feet wide, and 210 feet to the water. Passing the domestic buildings before alluded to, and which Camden states to have been rebuilt in the time of Elizabeth, we come to a small wicket at the foot of some stairs, leading to the chamber of the unfortunate King Charles. Here every thing is desolate: the roof and two sides of the room are entirely gone, nor are any *indicia* of its ever having been habitable remaining, with the exceptions of the fireplace and window. How futile and transitory is every earthly thing! that which was deemed sufficiently secure for the detention of a monarch, now gives free passage to every breeze which sighs amid its deserted walls. Here villany exists no more! The bars which opposed the exit of the king are still visible to the antiquary's inspection; but no traitor pistol awaits him on the outer side: and, as he passes from beneath the massive entrance-gate of this ancient fortress, meditating on the hard fate of the chivalrous Stuart, he looks back for an instant on its warlike machicolations and mouldering towers with a sigh, and feels that the silence

* These outworks were on the same plan as those of Antwerp, and were erected by an Italian engineer named Genebella, who had been employed on the fortifications of that city.

around him is deep and still, even as the rest of him who sleeps within the vaults of Windsor. C.S.

The Public Journals.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

(From the Foreign Quarterly Review.)

* * * At last, the senatus consultum appeared, proclaiming Napoleon Bonaparte emperor of the French, the imperial dignity being made hereditary in his family, besides various other organic changes in the great council of the state and in the administrative system. Three votes only in the senate had been found negative: Gregoire's and Lambrecht's were two, the third was believed to be Garat's. The senatus consultum was presented by the senate, in a body, to Napoleon at St. Cloud, on the 18th of May, 1804. Without waiting for the sanction of the people, he immediately assumed the title of "Emperor by the grace of God and the constitutions of the republic." Soon after, however, the "Republic" was suppressed, the juxtaposition having been found too glaring, and he styled himself Emperor by the constitutions of the empire. The question of the hereditary succession was then laid before the people for their sanction. It had the usual number of favourable votes, about three millions. Then the addresses of congratulation poured in from all the functionaries, and the language of flattery was indulged in without restraint. Seguier, president of the imperial court, was the first to bow at the foot of the throne. The clergy did not remain behind. In their addresses they called Napoleon the messenger of the Most High, the man of his right hand; others called him a new Moses, Matathias, Cyrus, &c. One archbishop actually compared him to Christ. Well might Napoleon say he did not regret the concordat! It was only among the military that some dissent manifested itself. Several officers resigned their commissions. But the army in general felt proud of the exaltation of its favourite chief.

The French republic ended after a stormy existence of hardly twelve years. It began in blood and spoliation; it terminated in trickery and mystification. The great body of the people had never understood it, and yet a million of men were slain in its behalf. The abolition of exclusive privileges, which was the pretext for it, had been accomplished before by the first assembly, which proclaimed the constitutional monarchy. But they afterwards rashly destroyed that constitution, and now, after twelve years of continual agitation, they took refuge under the shade of an imperial throne, without any popular representation whatever. Such is ever the reaction produced by extremes. Of the governments that succeeded each other during those twelve years, the consular was by far the best. With all its faults, Bonaparte's consulship is an epoch which we love to dwell upon in memory; it was a season of peace for France, a breathing time for mankind, scared by the sanguinary violence of the convention, and the still more odious profligacy of the directorial government. It was a return to order and reason, when the language of frenzy made way for that of humanity and justice, when the various classes and nations again understood each other. It was a brilliant epoch, in which many a good man in every land of Europe had his hopes fixed on him whose star seemed then to shine with a benignant lustre. For a time at least he evinced a respect for public opinion and morality; he displayed feelings of benevolence; he turned his attention to civil matters; he re-organized the social system. He showed himself liberal to his friends, merciful to his enemies, just towards all. France was greatly indebted to him for that period, in which he re-constructed it as a state, and laid the basis of its permanent greatness. To himself that was a dignified resting-place, after the brilliancy of his former campaigns. Had he contented himself with a magistracy for life, surrounded by ample prerogatives, had he preserved at least the essential principle and forms of a representative constitution, had he chosen to make France a great, industrious, and commercial nation instead of a military and conquering one, he might have lived in honour, and died in peace, followed by the blessings of men. The Bourbons were nearly forgotten, their cause had been abandoned by all the powers; we have Napoleon's own assertion of the fact. The only plausible excuse for following the course he preferred was the uncertainty of his life, and the conspiracies that were repeatedly hatched against him. But the plea is insufficient, for no conspiracy really endangered his life after that of the infernal machine in 1800; and, after all, did the assumption of absolute power secure in the end the hereditary succession in his family? His being childless ought to have been an additional reason for his being satisfied with a temporary and limited power. See how many false steps that phantom of succession and hereditary dynasty led him into? He repudiated the wife of his choice, allied himself to a rival house, and fell at last notwithstanding all, and his only son hardly reached the age of manhood after him. He chose to act the more vulgar part of a conqueror, and as such he will be chiefly remembered in history. Through the head-long career of his conquests we have neither the wish nor space to follow him at present. We feel no inclination to pass through the lurid glare, the gloomy glory, of the empire, with its barbaric grandeur and gigantic expe-

ditions; its armies of half a million of men; its periodical fields of battle or rather carnage; its despotic decrees and turgid bulletins, and the attendant desolation of some of the fairest countries in Europe; all these things have no attraction for us. A real history of the empire remains yet to be written; for it ought not to be merely the history of France alone, but that of all Europe during that epoch; it ought to be gathered not merely from French or English materials, but from the national records of Germany, Spain, Italy, Holland, Russia, of all the countries that were tormented for ten years through the restless ambition of a single individual. To talk of such a man being still the champion of a great popular principle against the aristocracy of Europe, of his being forced into war in his own defence, appears to us mere *verbiage*. Was he forced into the wars of Spain or of Russia? Has he not acknowledged himself that he aspired to universal monarchy? And were other nations quietly to submit to his dictation? But it is useless to discuss this now thread-bare argument. One great distinction appears to us to be generally overlooked in Napoleon's character; the ruler of France and of North Italy was a very different man to his subjects from what Napoleon, the invader of Germany, of Holland, of Spain, of South Italy, and of Russia, was to the people of those countries. The sentiments, therefore, of many of the French and North Italians towards him ought not to be taken as a criterion of the feelings of Europe at large.

PRINCE PUCKLER-MUSKAU AT THE TUILERIES.

(*Quoted from his recent Tour, in the Foreign Quarterly Review.*)

SHORTLY after my arrival in Paris, I was introduced at the Tuileries, which has been lately much beautified by the king. The separation of a small portion of the great gardens, forming a ring immediately round the palace, which was so loudly declaimed against by the public prints, is a decided improvement. The king's palace is not now subject to the rude proximity of what was not much better than a common highway.

The ceremony of presentation to the citizen-king is not encumbered with much of court-etiquette; but the apartments through which we were led, and the saloon, where we were graciously received by his majesty, are not devoid of a certain royal magnificence. The queen, with the members of the royal family and some ladies of the court, were seated at a round table covered with green cloth, and occupied with female handiwork. A few gentlemen, none in uniform, were grouped round the table, or dispersed about the room. After the usual introduction, I entered into a lively conversation with the queen, a woman of that class whom it is impossible to know without esteeming. Madame Adelaide, the sister of the king, is full of vivacity and amiability; and the young princes and princesses are well educated, natural, and simple, without being destitute of that dignity which is the prerogative of their high station.

Afterwards, the king did me the honour to converse with me, *privatim*, for a considerable time, and, in the allusions which he frequently made to England, displayed a great deal of information with regard to the peculiarities of that country; he, at the same time, took occasion to drop not a few very flattering notices of my English Tour, and was so condescending as to favour me with several useful hints in reference to my intended trip to America. It is impossible to manage conversation in a more attractive style than his majesty, and the greatest attachment to his person is visible among all those who are about him.

Among these deserves particular mention General Gourgaud, so honourably known by his faithful adherence to Napoleon, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to make a few days after I had marked him out on the parade of the Feast of July as the most elegant and dignified officer of the army.

A few days afterwards, I was invited to dine with his majesty. According to an innate trick of my nature, which I fear it is impossible to cure, I came too late. I suspect I was the last, for the queen immediately gave me her arm, that I might squire her into the dining-room. A party of forty sat down to dinner; and, as I had read not a little in the Carlist papers of the excessive economy said to prevail in the citizen-king's family, I confess I was more observant than I should otherwise have been of the festal arrangements. I found, however, quite the contrary of all that the newspapers had asserted; and, except George the Fourth's courtly domesticity, I have found none better organized than that of Louis Philippe. Behind each guest was stationed a servant in splendid livery, and beside him a pure and sparkling *vaisselle*, which, in many of our German courts, from sheer want of polishing, is as dull as tin; kitchenery and wine were very good, and in great profusion, and the attendance ready and nimble, in the best English *genre*, which has now become quite universal in all the best houses in Paris. The king and queen helped some dishes with their own hands, and animated the entertainment with all the kind offices of a royal hospitality.

After dinner the company retired to the open terrace which overlooks the noble garden of the Tuileries. This terrace, however, is doomed; and must I fear fall before the rage for symmetry, to which our modern architects sacrifice everything. I ventured to expostulate with her majesty on this sub-

ject, and suggested how suitable a greenhouse would be in such a situation, but I am afraid the symmetry-system will celebrate an ovation over more influential schemings than mine. I had here also the pleasure of making the acquaintance of two ladies of the queen, Mesdames de Dolomieu and de Montjoie, who surprised me with their bilingual powers, and spoke German as amiably and as sweetly as French.

FANTOCCINI AT MILAN.

By a recent Traveller.

I WAS weary, and had need of rest for my eyes and head: in the evening, I had recourse to a childish diversion, I went to see the *fantoccini*. The puppets of Milan are as celebrated as the Cathedral, the shrine of St. Charles, the "Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, the gates of St. Ambrose, and the arch of the Simplon—which I did not see, and I do not know why, but I have not the least regret;—the *burattini* of Genoa, and all those with which we had been regaled at Paris, were truly quite another thing. The dolls of Girolamo perform the drama quite as well as our actors of the theatre of St. Martin; they dance exquisitely. The piece which they declaimed this evening was a grand romantic drama, intitled *Prince Eugene of Savoy at the Siege of Temisvar*. An amorous intrigue proceeds from catastrophe to catastrophe, and, divided into six acts—six acts, you understand, and not five, like the imperfect dramas of Moliere, of Corneille, and of Racine—gives all the interest to the action of the piece, in the midst of which Girolamo, the great buffoon, the famous Girolamo, moves, kicks about, and jokes in the costume of a corporal, half killing the good people of Milan with laughter at his rough brogue. A ballet played between the acts astonished me most, although the eloquent speeches of Prince Eugene had tolerably surprised me. The dancing of these wooden Perrots and Paglionis is truly inconceivable; there is not one of these puppets whose talents would not excite emulation in many of the dancers of Naples, of London, or of Paris, who obtain lucrative engagements. Horizontal dance, side dance, vertical dance, all the dances possible, all the *floriture* of feet and legs which you admire at the Opera, you will find also at the theatre *Fiando;* and when the doll has finished her dance, when she has been well applauded, when the *st-st-st* is heard in the pit, the slight whistle of admiration which precedes the enthusiastic cry of *fori! fori!* that recalls the *artiste;* she comes from behind the scene, makes her bow with an air, places her little hand on her heart, and does not retire until she has completely parodied the great singers and the proud dancers of the Scala. If she is called again, she complaisantly returns. If she is not called again, she is more philosophical than Mademoiselle Malibran; she sheds none of those tears of pettishness which they say the illustrious *artiste* always sheds when she is not obliged, after a representation, to come forward again more than three or four times.

OSSIAN AND SHAKSPEARE.

From the German of Herder.

IN Herder's letters we find frequent outbursts of that admiration for Ossian and Shakspeare which first suggested his collection of different National Songs, ("Volks Lieder,") by which he has unfolded a page of popular tradition, as valuable to the historian as to the poet. His enthusiasm on this subject is best told in his own words.

"In rummaging my papers a day or two ago I found some translations which I had made some time back from the finest English ballads, and especially from Shakspeare. Concluding that you have not given up Shakspeare, I inclose a few of these scraps. In the original English, with their own metre, old-fashioned rhymes and peculiar fable-style, each is excellent in its kind, and in the places where they are introduced of most astonishing effect. But precisely for this reason are they entirely untranslatable. On this account has Wieland* omitted, or at best most unmercifully mutilated them. This last is especially the case with Ariel's song, and indeed with both the songs in 'The Tempest;' the one so solemnly mystical, the other so etherially sylph-like joyous; both which, as far as I can remember, from a couple of lines, are miserably travestid by Wieland. The latter song, 'Where the bee sucks,' &c., has been also attempted by Mosen, and by the translator of the 'Essay on the Genius of Pope;' but neither of them to my fancy. Just see now whether my version satisfies you better; but, for the life of you, attend only to tones, not to words—you must only sing, not read. The Cuckoo song has been charmingly set to music by Handel; in German, however, the play upon words is not so striking, at least not to the perception of every blockhead. Besides this, I cannot help thinking that I have discovered some faint traces of this cuckoo prophecy, and of the owl's song, (the latter, however, in the character of a death-watch,) amongst the provincial traditions of my own father-land; which induces me to deviate entirely from the English version. The ballad 'Come away, come away Death,' has a wonderful effect where it is introduced, and Shakspeare has done well in making the duke, before whom it is sung, so loud in its praise. This is an old romance, much older than Shakspeare; as

* Wieland translated twenty-two of Shakspeare's plays between the years 1762 and 1766.

also 'Take, oh take those lips away.' These old songs have that effect upon me, that I am firmly resolved, should I ever set foot on British ground, merely to skim through London, just peep at the theatre and Garrick, pay my respects to Hume, and then fly off to Wales, Scotland, and the Western Isles; on one of which, like the youngest son of Ossian, Macpherson sits enthroned. There shall I hear the Celtic national songs wildly chanted in the real language and tone of the country those songs which, in their present metamorphosis into hexameters and Greek metre, I can only liken to a painted perfumed paper flower, instead of that living and fair-blooming daughter of the earth, who exhales her fragrance on the wild mountain side. But to return to Shakspeare; help me to bewail a loss, at which certainly every other honest man would only laugh. During my frenzy for Shakspeare, I had particularly studied those scenes wherein he opens to us his world of ghosts and fairies—those parts which the English prize as his finest, and in which I took the more delight having dreamed away my childhood among such fables. I had, for instance, translated the fairy 'divertissement' in the Midsummer Night's Dream, (which Wieland has, I believe, entirely omitted,) and the witch scene in Macbeth, where the witches are boiling, conjuring, muttering, and bubbling through a whole descant of ghostly tones—but my translations have disappeared, and I can find nothing, nothing but a few soliloquies from King Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, &c. This is enough to make me tear my eyes out. In short I find everything but my conjurations, and these must have been swept away, or burnt, when the witches last cleaned out my rooms at Riga. To my own private gratification such a loss is irreparable; —but I continue prating about Shakspeare, whom I never can leave, when once I get upon him."—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

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New Books.

MARY HOWITT'S WOOD LEIGHTON.

(*Concluded from page* 29.)

THE glories of October were around us. We had set off directly after breakfast, and the dews lay thick on the grass by the wayside; the waters ran here and there, sparkling and bubbling across the road; the gossamer stretched its fine lines from bush to bush and tree to tree, and its agglomerated webs came floating on the golden air in flakes, as of lightest cotton. On the green furze-bushes, the geometrical spiders exhibited their webs, concentric wheels of exactest workmanship, made more visible by innumerable dewy globules; the hedges were grown beautiful with the rich colour of their dying leaves, and their various berries,—the black privet and buckthorn, the hips and haws of bright scarlet and deep crimson. The air had that feeling of cool freshness, and that marvellous transparency never seen in our climate but in autumn; and the woods, in all their solemn magnificence of colours, scarlet, crimson, tawny, pale yellow, and richest russet,—the woods, and the smoke of peacefullest cottages, rising up in blue and busy columns in front of their deep masses of foliage—Oh! they were beautiful! This was the feeling with which we rode along; and the only words we found to express our sensations were those of beauty,—peaceful, shining, and heart-satisfying beauty. In all my experience of human life, I know of no portion of it in which the goodness of Heaven and the blessings of a virtuous and refined friendship make themselves so sensibly and blissfully felt as in such moments as these, when the buoyancy of health felt through the whole frame is itself a perfect enjoyment; and the deep reposing loveliness of nature inspires us with feelings of gratitude to Heaven and affection for each other.

We put up our horses at a farm-house, the master of which was well known to Mr. Somers, and walked through some pleasant fields into Bagot's Park.

Passing the end of a keeper's house, we seemed to step at once out of modern England into the feudal ages. We seemed to have gone back with a thought through a thousand years. All round us lay the green and cultivated lands of the present times; yet we were in a grey and ancient region—a fragment of the past—a space apparently secured by a spell from the influence of time and change, except that silent and irresistible change into the aspect of the old and venerable. A belt of oaks stretched along a vast circumference, inclosing this ancient park. They were of a great growth, and of a remarkable height for oaks; trees of sixty and seventy feet in the boll, yet so old that scarcely one of them was without a scathed and broken top; and, issuing from beneath these, you looked into a silent region, amongst other oaks of equal age, some scattered far apart, others condensed into dark masses of wood,—some widely spreading, others shattered and sinking into naked decay. There were birch-trees, too, of great antiquity, with stems rugged and gashed near the ground; thence rising in silvery whiteness, and hanging their lithe and graceful branches almost to the earth. We walked in a quiet delight over the dry and mossy turf, amongst the tall red fern, startling the deer from their repose amongst it, or seeing them lightly trooping up some distant slope, and belling, some in hoarse, and others in musical notes—a truly forest sound! The ruddy squirrels were busy on the ground beneath the beech-trees that grew in some places, feasting on their fallen nuts, or scampered up the trees at our

approach; and the varied and peculiar cries of the woodpecker, the jay, and the solitary raven, were all imbued with a woodland charm.

We soon came to a noble oak that seemed in the very prime of its existence, and spread such a mighty circle of shade beneath as created a perpetual gloom well meriting what Pope calls the "brown horror of the wood." When we had walked up to its foot, we were struck with strong admiration; its massy trunk spreading out in gnarled heaps at the ground, and above us extending its horizontal arms, each an enormous tree, to the width of forty feet. Great care was evidently and very justly taken by the noble proprietor to prevent decay or injury. Some of these vast arms were supported by stout pillars of timber, and plates of lead were nailed over every spot where a bough had fallen.

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In a little time we found ourselves in the village of Hanbury. The immense and splendid prospect there we had seen before, or we should now have been disappointed. But as it was a clear and rather breezy evening, there was yet light enough to make us sensible of its vast extent; and the valley of the Dove lay before us in the wildness of twilight and of autumn, solemn and gloomily beautiful. We could still discern the hill and turrets of Tutbury down the valley; the hall of Sudbury opposite, amongst its woods; and below us, the smoke ascending from the antique chimneys of Fauld Hall. The only sounds that reached us were the wind soughing amongst the woods; the low of cattle in the Dove meadows; and of some village-bells ringing cheerfully. The sound of those bells seemed to touch more deeply feelings already excited. As the carriage paused a moment, and we cast our eyes down over the sombre masses of forest-trees below us, several voices exclaimed at once "How beautiful!" Mr. Somers, over whom the woodland enjoyment of this day seemed to have brought more enthusiasm than I had ever seen in him before,—an enthusiasm as of ardent and happy youth,—took up the exclamation: "How beautiful!" "Yes! it *is* beautiful. The longer I live, the more do I become attached to this fine country. I know not whether many would not deem it unbecoming of the character of a Christian, and especially of a Christian teacher, to own a growing attachment to the things of this earth: but to my own heart I justify it by the reflection, that they are the works of God; and that the loveliness which calls forth so strongly my affectionate admiration, is that with which he has adorned the abode of his acknowledged children. I feel that I do not love earth with a sordid love: I do not covet it and grasp at it for any selfish end, but with a love and a delight in which every child of humanity is embraced, and everything, however humble, that is formed by the same hand, and lives, and feels, and enjoys, may and does in some degree, partake. I love these quiet regions for the refreshment and the sober blessing that they breathe upon my spirit. And shall I not feel a strong attachment to the scenes in which my days of the deepest happiness have passed? Shall I not love these? There are other spots, in my native and distant county—the spots in which my youth went over, that are dear to me with a peculiar and imperishable feeling; yet I do not hesitate to say, that these scenes are still dearer to me, because I have experienced here a second youth, the renewal and crown of my existence, the youth of affection and the life of the heart.

"We hear a great deal of the unsatisfiedness of the human heart; and, as a general proposition, no doubt it is true: but, God is my witness, there is no wish of my heart that has not been amply gratified in placing me here, and enriching me with the gifts and affections that he has done. Is there any lot that I would choose in preference to my own? Not one! Could the widest walk, could the most brilliant reputation—could cities, or courts, or Fortune in any of her many Protean splendours, tempt me to a single sigh? No! let me pass calmly the remainder of my days in the beloved scenes and with the beloved people I have so long shared it with, and they may write upon my tomb the epitaph of at least *one satisfied man*.

"I know not how it is; I cannot comprehend the feeling with which many quit this noble country for ever, for strange lands. And yet it may be said that hundreds do it every day; and for thousands it may indeed be well. For those who have had no prospect but the daily struggle for existence; for those whose minds have not been opened and quickened to a sense of the higher and more spiritual enjoyments which this country affords; for the labouring many, the valleys of Australia, or the vast forests and prairies of America, may be alluring. But to me,—and therefore, it seems equally to other men with like tastes and attachments,—to quit England, noble, fearless, magnanimous, and Christian England, would be to cut asunder life, and hope, and happiness, at once. No! till I voyage to 'the better land,' I could never quit England. What! after all the ages that have been spent in making it habitable and home-like; after all the blood shed in its defence, and for the maintaining of its civil polity; after all the consumption of patriotic thought and enterprise—the labours of philosophers, divines, and statesmen, to civilize and christianize it; after the time, the capital, the energies employed from age to age to cultivate its fields, dry up marshes, build

bridges, and lay down roads, raise cities, and fill every house with the products of the arts and the wealth of literature;—can there be a spot of earth that can pretend to a tithe of its advantages, or a spot that creates in the heart that higher tone necessary for their full enjoyment? Why, every spot of this island is sanctified, not only with the efforts of countless patriots, but as the birthplace and abode of men of genius. Go where you will, places present themselves to your eyes which are stamped with the memory of some one or other of those 'burning and shining lights' that have illuminated the atmosphere of England with their collective splendour, and made it visible to the men of farthest climates. Even in this secluded district,—which, beautiful as it is, is comparatively little known or spoken of amongst the generality of English people,—how many literary recollections surround you! To say nothing of the actors in great historical scenes; the Talbots, Shrewsburys, Dudleys, and Bagots of former ages; or the Ansons, Vernons, St. Vincents, and Pagets of the later and present ones;—in this county were born those excellent bishops Hurd and Newton, and the venerable antiquary and herald, Elias Ashmole. To say nothing of the quantity of taste and knowledge that resides in the best classes of society hereabout, we have to-day passed the houses of Thomas Gisborne and Edward Cooper, clergymen who have done honour to their profession by their talents and the liberality of their sentiments. In that antiquated Fauld Hall, once dwelt old Squire Burton, the brother of the author of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy;' and there is little doubt that some part of that remarkable work was written there. By that Dove, Izaak Walton, that pious old man, that lover of the fields, and historian of the worthies of the church, used to stroll and meditate, or converse with his friend Charles Cotton, a Staffordshire man too. In the woods of Wootton, which are very visible hence by daylight, once wandered a very different, but very distinguished person—the wayward Rousseau. In Uttoxeter, that great, but ill-used and ill-understood astronomer, Flamstead, received the greater part of his education; and from Lichfield, the spires of whose cathedral we have seen to-day, went out Johnson and Garrick, each to achieve supremacy in his own track of distinction. And there, too, lived Anna Seward, who, with all her egotism and faults of taste, was superior to the women of her age, and had the sagacity to perceive amongst the very first the dawning fame of Southey and Sir Walter Scott.

"If this comparatively obscure district can thus boast of having given birth or abode to so many influential intellects, what shall not England—entire and glory-crowned England? And who shall not feel proud to own himself of its race and kindred; and, if he can but secure for himself a moderate portion of its common goods, be happy to live and die in it!"

The Gatherer.

Zoological Gardens.—The number of visiters to the Menagerie during June, was 64,747, from whom the sum of 2,414*l.* 2*s.* was received, this exceeding by 1,000*l.* the sum that had been received the corresponding month in the last year. During one week alone, the receipts were 719*l.* 18*s.*, which is a greater sum than has been paid for admissions in the same time since the first establishment of the society; and this great increase in the funds was owing to the attractiveness of the giraffes.

Sleep.—A learned man in Belfast, has discovered (he says) "a method by which, without the use of drug or medicine, any person may fall into a tranquil sleep in the space of a minute." We hope there is no mistake in the invention, and look forward with impatience to the next Irish arrival for a copy of the "directions" which we shall rejoice to communicate to the *restless* portion of the inhabitants of Hobart Town.—*Hobart Town Courier.*

The *Boston Mercantile Journal* states that a clergyman from the country who undertook to officiate in one of their churches in that city, absolutely fell asleep in the pulpit, and kept the congregation in suspense about half an hour before he got through his nap.

Deaths at the Zoological Gardens.—In the years from January 1833 to 1835, the number of deaths among the carnivora was 21, whilst from the last period to the termination of June, there were 36; the total, including 7 lions, 5 wolves, 4 tigers, 4 chittahs, 2 jaguars, 3 ocelots, &c.

Newspaper Statistics.—In Spain there are 12 newspapers, in Portugal 17, in Switzerland 36, in Belgium 62, in Denmark 80, in Austria 82, in Russia and Poland 84, in Holland 150, in Great Britain 274, in Prussia 288, in the other Germanic States 305, in Australia 9, in Africa 12, in Asia 27, and in America 1,138. The total number of newspapers published in Europe is 2,148.—*German Paper.*

The Strada di Toledo at Naples is supposed to be the noisiest place in the world. "Conceive, (says a recent tourist,) the effect of a thousand postmen's bells ringing at once, and all day long, and you will attain some notion of the music of the Strada di Toledo."

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